

To
Omar

poil
of the
North
Wind;

M 36
1901







(4 F)



Spoil *of the*
North
Wind:

D.

Blue Sky Press
Chicago

Of this book there have been six hundred and twenty-five copies printed : twenty-five on Imperial Japan vellum ; one hundred on Shandon paper for illumination ; and five hundred on Shandon paper, not illumined.

This being number 307
L.

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Langworthy & Stevens

HAIL! TRUE BELIEVER.

Herein is set forth certain verse inspired by the Tent-Maker whose tongue was of gold, and him who found and re-cast that forgotten tongue for us.

The task of selection has not been easy; everyone with a voice has sung his like or dislike of our Omar; every edition has something of the sort.

I do not possess a collection of even the American editions—I gave it up long ago. Mr. Mosher of Portland is suspected of trying to keep pace with them. 'Tis told he wrote the Philosopher Ellis for a Rubaiyat. Mr. Ellis replied that the Philosopher Press had not printed a Rubaiyat; and as this was unique he had thoughts of advertising the fact.

Mr. Mosher lists in his latest bibliography XXXV items in American reprints alone and one of these items covers twenty-six editions. So if you have written anything that might be

here, you may believe it is because I have not seen it.

Some of you will not like the satirical verse and parodies which have been included. For your sakes they have been set by themselves, that you may avoid them. But does not the kinship of Omar to modern thought lie in that he was possessed of moods — his worship of wisdom, his pursuit of that trio of pleasures which some would name sin, his repentances — and a sense of humor.

“But, through the shift of mood and mood,
“Mine ancient humour saves him whole—
“The cynic devil in his blood
“That bids him mock his hurrying soul.”

Did some one say he didn't hurry? —

Did he not hurry his soul from mood to mood and laugh at his own futility the while? In this spirit, would he not enjoy a quip at himself?

“Indeed the idols I have loved so long
“Have done my credit in this World much
 wrong :
 “Have drown’d my Glory in a shallow Cup,
“And sold my Reputation for a song.
“Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
“I swore — but was I sober when I swore ?
 “And then and then came Spring, and
 Rose-in-hand
“My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore.”

Give ye thanks to all whose flowers of speech are gathered here ; thanks give I to all who aided and abetted the gathering, and especially to Nathan Haskell Dole, who blazed a path.

E. M. M.



THE GRAVE OF OMAR KHAYYAM



NAMED Nizami, child of
Samarcand,
The holy place whose towers
aspire to heaven,
Whose domes are blue as
heaven's inverted cup,
The consecrated shrine, the
head of Islam,
Whose heart is at Meccah,

the happy spot

Where bloom the gardens of the Heart's
delight;

Where, in the house upon the Shepherd's
Hill,

Wise men pursue the pathway of the stars —

I, even Nizami, write this record down

In God's name, merciful, compassionate,

A proof of his compassion.

When my youth

Burned in my body like a new-fed flame,

When wisdom seemed an easy flower to

pluck,

And knowledge fruit that ripens in a day —
Ah me! that merry When so long ago —
I was a pupil of that man of men,
Omar, the Tent-Maker of Naishapur,
That is Khorassan's crown, Omar the wise,
Whose wisdom read the golden laws of life,
And made them ours forever in his songs,
Omar the star-gazer.

One day by chance,
I taxing all my student's store of wit
With thought of is and is not, good and bad,
And fondly dreaming that my fingers soon
Would close upon the key of heaven and
earth,

I met my master in a garden walk,
Musing as was his wont, I knew not what,
Perhaps some better mode of marshalling
Those daily soldiers of the conquering years,
Perchance some subtler science which the stars
Ciphered in fire upon the vaulted sky
For him alone, perchance on some rare rhymes
Pregnant with mighty thoughts, or on some
girl,
Star-eyed and cypress-slender, tulip-cheeked

And jasmine-bosomed, for he loved such well,
And deemed it wisdom.

Omar saw me not,
And would have passed me curtained in his
thoughts ;

But I, perked up with youthful consequence
At mine own wisdom, plucked him by the
sleeve,

And with grave salutation, as befits
The pupil to his master, stayed his course
And craved his patience.

Omar gazed at me
With the grave sweetness which his servants
loved,

And gave me leave to speak, which I, on fire
To tell the thing I thought, made haste to do,
And poured my babble in the master's ear
Of solving human doubt.

When I had done,
And, panting, looked into my master's eyes
To read therein approval of my plan,
He turned his head, and for a little while
Waited in silence, while my petulant mind
Galopped again the course of argument

And found no flaw, all perfect.

Still he stood
Silent, and I, the riddle-reader, vexed
At long-delayed approval, touched again
His sleeve, and with impatient reverence
Said,

“Master, speak, that I may garner up
In scented manuscript the thoughts of price
That fall from Omar’s lips.”

He smiled again
In sweet forgiveness of my turbulent mood,
And with a kindly laughter in his eyes
He said,

“I have been thinking, when I die,
That I should like to slumber where the wind
May heap my tomb with roses.”

So he spoke,
And then with thoughtful face and quiet tread
He passed and left me staring, most amazed
At such a pearl from such a sea of thought,
And marveling that great philosophers
Can sometimes pay so little heed to truth
When truth is thrust before them. God be
praised !

I am wiser now, and grasp no golden key.
Years came and went, and Omar passed away,
First from those garden walks of Samarcand
Where he and I so often watched the moon
Silver the bosoms of the cypresses,
And so from out the circle of my life,
And in due season out of life itself ;
And his great name became a memory
That clung about me like the scent of flowers
Beloved in boyhood, and the wheeling years
Ground pleasure into dust beneath my feet ;
And so the world wagged till there came a day
When I that had been young and was not
young,

I found myself at Naishapur, and there
Bethought me of my master dead and gone,
And the musk-scented preface of my youth.
Then to myself I said, "Nizami, rise
And seek the tomb of Omar." So I sought,
And after seeking found, and, lo ! it lay
Beyond a garden full of roses, full
As the third heaven is full of happy eyes ;
And every wind that whispered through the
trees

Scattered a heap of roses on his grave ;
Yea, roses leaned, and from their odorous
 hearts

Rained petals on his marble monument,
Crimson as lips of angels. Straight my mind,
Sweeping the desert of departed yeers,
Leaped to that garden speech in Samarcand,
The cypress grove, my fretful questioning,
And the mild beauty of my master's face.
Then I knelt down and glorified Allah,
Who is compassionate and merciful,
That of his boundless mercy he forgave
That singing sinner ; for I surely knew
That all the leaves of every rose that dripped
Its tribute on the tomb where Omar sleeps,
Were tears and kisses that should smooth away
His record of offence ; for Omar sinned,
Since Omar was a man.

 He wished to sleep
Beneath a veil of roses ; Heaven heard,
Forgave, and granted, and the perfumed pall
Hides the shrine's whiteness. Glory to Allah !

Justin Huntly McCarthy

(From "The Quatrains of Omar Khayyam."
Copyright 1898, by Brentano's.)

Upon the planting of a rose from
Naishapur over FitzGerald's grave.

Here on FitzGerald's grave from Omar's
tomb

To lay fit tribute pilgrim singers flock ;
Long with a double fragrance let it bloom,
The Rose of Iram on an English stock.

Grant Allen

“INSCRIPTION”



REIGN here, triumphant rose
from Omar's grave,
Borne by a fakir o'er the
Persian wave ;
Reign with fresh pride,
since here a heart is
sleeping
That double glory to your
Master gave.

Hither let many a pilgrim step be bent
To greet the rose re-risen in banishment ;
Here richer crimsons may its cup be
keeping
Than brimmed it ere from Naishapur it went.

Edmund Gosse

OMAR'S ROSE



FROM Naishapur to England,
from the tomb
Where Omar slumbers to the
Narrow Room
That shrines FitzGerald's
ashes, Persia sends
Perfume and Pigment of her
Rose to bloom.

Wedded with Rose of Eng-
land, for a sign
That English lips, transmitting the divine
High piping music of the song that ends,
As it began, with Wine and Wine and Wine,
Across the ages caught the words that fell
From Omar's mouth and made them audible
To the unnumbered sitters at Life's Feast
Who wear their hearts out over Heaven and
Hell.

Vex not today with wonder which were best,
The Student, Scholar, Singer of the West,
Or Singer, Scholar, Student of the East —
The Soul of Omar burned in England's breast.

And howsoever Autumn's breezes blow
About the Rose, and Winter's fingers throw,
 In mockery of Oriental noons,
Upon this grass the monumental snow ;

Still in our dreams the Eastern Rose survives
Lending diviner fragrance to our lives :

 The world is old, cold, warned by waning
 moons,
But Omar's creed in English verse revives.

The fountain in the tulip-tinted dale,
The manuscript of some melodious tale
 Babbling of love and lovers passion-pale,
Of Rose, of Cypress, and of Nightingale ;

The cup that Saki proffers to our lips,
The cup from which the Rose-Red Mercy
 drips,

 Bidding forget how, like a sinking sail,
Day after day into the darkness slips ;

The wisdom that the Watcher of the Skies
Won from the wandering stars that soothed
 his eyes,

 The legend writ below, around, above —
"One thing at least is certain, this Life flies ;"

These were the gifts of Omar — these he gave
Full-handed : his Disciple sought to save
Some portion for his people, and their love
Plants Omar's Rose upon an English Grave.

J. H. McC.

HEAR US, YE WINDS

My tomb shall be on a spot where the North
Wind may strow roses upon it.

Omar Khayyam to Kwajah Nizami.



HEAR us, ye winds!

From where the North
Wind strows
Blossoms that crown the
"King of Wisdom's" tomb,
The trees here planted bring
remembered bloom
Dreaming in seed of Love's
ancestral Rose

To meadows where a braver North Wind
blows

O'er greener grass, o'er hedge-rose, may,
and broom,

And all that make East England's field-
perfume

Dearer than any fragrance Persia knows:—

Hear us, ye winds, North, East, and West,
and South !

This granite covers him whose golden mouth
Made wise ev'n the word of Wisdom's King ;
Blow softly o'er the grave of Omar's herald
Till roses rich of Omar's dust shall spring
From richer dust of Suffolk's rare FitzGerald.

Theodore Watts

Verse read at meetings of the Omar
Khayyam Club of London.



OMAR KHAYYAM (1898)



OMAR, when it was time
for thee to die,
Thou saidst to those
around thee, Let me lie
Where the North Wind
may scatter on my grave
Roses ; and now thou hast
what thou didst crave,
Since from the northern
shore the northern blast
Roses each year upon thy tomb hath cast.
Thy more familiar comrades, who have sped
Many a health to thee, send roses red.
We are but guests unto the tavern brought,
And have a flower the paler for that thought ;
Yet is our love so rich that roses white
Shall fall empurpled on thy tomb tonight.

Stephen Phillips

(1897)

* * * * *



ELL, Omar Khayyam
wrote of Wine,
And all of us, sometimes,
must dine ;
And Omar Khayyam
wrote of Roses,
And all of us, no doubt,
have noses ;
And Omar Khayyam

wrote of Love,

Which some of us are not above.

Also he charms to this extent,

We don't know, always, what he meant.

Lastly, the man's so plainly dead

We can heap honors on his head.

Austin Dobson

OMAR'S FRIENDS AT BURFORD
BRIDGE (1895)



NOT mid the London dust
and glare,
The wheels that rattle, the
lamps that flare,
But down in the deep
green Surrey dingle,
You drink to Omar in
fragrant air.

* * *

Here, he said, was a tale to tell
Of Burford Bridge in the lonely dell,
A tale of the friends of the leal White Roses,
But he told it not, who had told it well.

Drink to him then, ere the night be sped!
Drink to his name while the wine is red!
To Tearlach drink, and Tusitala,
To the king that is gone, and the friend that's
dead!

Out of the silence if men may hear,
Into the silence faint and clear,
The voice may pierce of loving kindness,
And leal remembrance may yet be dear.

Andrew Lang

(1895)



NE cup in joy before the
banquet ends,
One thought for vanished,
for transfigured friends,
Stars on the living cope of
heaven embossed,
The heaven of Love that
o'er us beams and
bends !

Roses and bay for many a phantom head !
Death is but what we make it — for the dead ;
Held hard in memory, those we loved and
lost
Shall live while blood is warm and wine is red.

Edmund Gosse

ROS ROSARUM (1897)



O know the love-song that
might best avail,
I made petition to the
nightingale,
Whose melody made an-
swer : "Lo, the rose
Hath all my secret and may
tell the tale.

"When to the rose I pour
my song for wine,
Thereof let wisdom what it can divine ;
I know this only, that I sing myself
Unto myself, and stay not to define."

Then, eager to fulfil such fair behest,
I wandered forth upon the rose's quest,
But all in vain, since I might not discern
The rose-queen of all roses from the rest.

Should she give aid, who glows with empire's
red,

Or she, whose white doth heaven's own
court bespread?

Or she, that scatters bloom at Naishapur,
Tell me, perchance, what Omar left unsaid?

At last the lapwing piped to me: "My son,
Thy fill of doing gets thee nothing done;

We flit in this brief show from flow'r to
flow'r

Of many roses, but the rose is one."

Sir Frederick Pollock

OMAR KHAYYAM



REAT Omar, here tonight
we drain a bowl
Unto thy long-since trans-
migrated Soul,
Ours all unworthy in
thy place to sit,
Ours still to read in life's
enchanted scroll.

For us like thee a little
hour to stay,
For us like thee a little hour to play,
A little hour for wine and love and song,
And we too turn the glass and take our way.
So many years your tomb the roses strew,
Yet not one penny wiser we than you,
The doubts that wearied you are with us
still,
And, Heaven be thanked ! your wine is with
us too.

For have the years a better message brought
To match the simple wisdom that you taught :

Love, wine and verse, and just a little
bread —

For these to live and count the rest as nought?

Therefore, Great Omar, here our homage deep
We drain to thee, though all too fast asleep

In Death's intoxication art thou sunk
To know the solemn revels that we keep.

Oh, had we, best-beloved poet, but the power
From our own lives to pluck one golden hour,

And give it unto thee in thy great need,
How would we welcome thee to this bright
bower !

O life that is so warm, 'twas Omar's too ;

O wine that is so red, he drank of you :

Yet life and wine must all be put away,
And we go sleep with Omar — yea, tis true.

And when in some great city yet to be

The sacred wine is spilt for you and me,

To those great fames that we have yet to
build,

We'll know as little of it all as he.

Richard LeGalliene

Other verse

[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page]

TO E. FITZGERALD



* * * * *
UT none can say
That Lenten fare makes
Lenten thought,
Who reads your Golden
Eastern lay,
Than which I know no
version done
In English more divinely
well ;

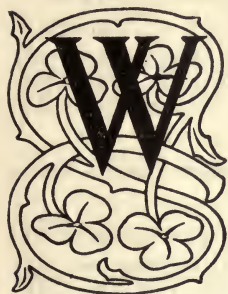
A planet equal to the sun
Which cast it, that large infidel
Your Omar ; and your Omar drew
Full-handed plaudits from our best
In modern letters, and from two,
Old friends outvaluing all the rest,
Two voices heard on earth no more.

* * * * *

Alfred Tennyson

TO OMAR KHAYYAM

(Letters to Dead Authors)



W ISE Omar, do the Southern
Breezes fling
Above your grave, at ending
of the Spring,
The Snowdrift of the pet-
als of the Rose,
The wild white Roses you
were wont to sing?

Far in the South I know
a Land divine,
And there is many a Saint and many a Shrine,
And over all the shrines the Blossom blows
Of Roses that were dear to you as wine.

You were a Saint of unbelieving days,
Liking your life, and happy in men's Praise ;
Enough for you the Shade beneath the
Bough,
Enough to watch the wild World go its Ways.

Dreadless and hopeless thou of Heaven or
Hell,
Careless of Words thou hadst not Skill to
spell,

Content to know not all thou knowest now,
What's Death? Doth any Pitcher dread the
Well?

The Pitchers we, whose Maker makes them
ill,

Shall he torment them if they chance to spill?

Nay, like the broken potsherds are we cast
Forth and forgotten — and what will be will!

So still were we, before the Months began
That rounded us and shaped us into Man.

So still we *shall* be, surely, at the last,
Dreamless, untouched of Blessing or of Ban!

Ah, strange it seems that this thy common
thought —

How all things have been, aye, and shall be
nought —

Was ancient Wisdom in thine ancient East,
In those old Days when Senlac fight was
fought,

Which gave our England for a captive Land
To pious Chiefs of a believing Band,
A gift to the Believer from the Priest,
Tossed from the holy to the blood-red Hand!

Yea, thou wert singing when that Arrow clave
Through helm and brain of him who could
not save

His England, even of Harold Godwin's
son ;

The high tide murmurs by the Hero's grave !

And *thou* wert wreathing Roses—who can
tell?—

Or chanting for some girl that pleased thee
well,

Or satst at wine in Naishapur, when dun
The twilight veiled the field where Harold
fell !

The salt Sea-waves above him rage and roam !
Along the white Walls of his guarded Home

No Zephyr stirs the Rose, but o'er the wave
The wild Wind beats the Breakers into Foam!

And dear to him, as Roses were to thee,
Rings long the Roar of Onset of the Sea !
The *Swan's Path* of his Fathers ; in his
grave ,
His sleep, methinks, is sound as thine can be.
His was the Age of Faith, when all the West
Looked to the Priest for torment or for rest ;
And thou wert living then, and didst not
heed
The Saint who banned thee or the Saint who
blessed !
Ages of Progress ! These eight hundred
years
Hath Europe shuddered with her hopes or
fears,
And now !—She listens in the wilderness
To *thee*, and half believeth what she hears !
Hadst *thou* THE SECRET ? Ah, and who may
tell ?
“An hour we have,” thou saidst : “Ah,
waste it well !”
An hour we have and yet Eternity
Looms o'er us, and the thought of Heaven
or Hell !

Nay, we can never be as wise as thou,
O idle singer 'neath the blossomed bough !

Nay, and we cannot be content to die;
We cannot shirk the questions "Where?" and
"How?"

Ah, not from learned Peace and gay Content
Shall we of England go the way he went—

The Singer of the Red Wine and the
Rose—

Nay, otherwise than *his* our Day is spent !

Serene he dwelt in fragrant Naishapur,
But we must wander while the Stars endure,

He knew THE SECRET: we have none
that knows,

No Man so sure as Omar once was sure !

Andrew Lang

TO ANDREW LANG (Dedication)



EAR singer of the North,
for all the hours
The happy hours I owe
you take at least,
These echoes of our singer
of the East,
Where still the brown bird
sings, the tulip flowers,
The wine runs red, the
flute-girl haunts the bowers
Where still the Poet, drinking at life's feast
Smiles at the jest of Potter, Prince and
Priest,
The doom of thrones and Babylonian towers,
You who love Omar, you whose verses rest,
Like Omar's longed-for roses, on his tomb,
Forgive the rashness that would fain con-
jure
The watcher of the stars, a welcome guest
Into your presence from the cypress gloom,
And glory of enchanted Naishapur!

Justin Huntly McCarthy

TO CECILIA



THE Wine of Life, the
Wonder of the Spring,
The passionate madness
of the Nightingale
Whose Litany all lover's
lips must wail,
“Farewell, farewell, farewell
to everything” —

These Omar sang, and
these myself shall sing

In dreams beside some stream where tulips
sail,

Red Argosies, before the scented gale,
While you recline on Cæsar's dust and
string

Your lute through all the languid afternoon
To Persian airs of Desert and of Palm,
Of green Oasis and of Gardens sweet
With roses, where the magic of the moon
In silver steps the consecrated calm
And on the enchanted sward our shadows
meet.

Justin Huntly McCarthy

OMAR KHAYYAM



MAR, dear Sultan of the
Persian song,
Familiar friend whom I
have loved so long,
Whose volume made
my pleasant hiding-
place
From this fantastic world
of right and wrong.

My youth lies buried in thy verses; lo,
I read, and as the haunted numbers flow,
My memory turns in anguish to the face
That leaned o'er Omar's pages long ago.

Alas for me, alas for all who weep
And wonder at the silence dark and deep
That girdles round this little lamp in space
No wiser than when Omar fell asleep.

Rest in thy grave beneath the crimson rain
Of heart-desired roses. Life is vain,
And vain the trembling legends we may
trace

Upon the open book that shuts again.

Justin Huntly McCarthy

IN A COPY OF OMAR KHAYYAM



THESE pearls of thought in
Persian gulfs were bred,
Each softly lucent as a
rounded moon ;
The diver Omar plucked
them from their bed,
FitzGerald strung them on
an English thread.

Fit rosary for a queen, in
shape and hue,
When Contemplation tells her pensive beads
Of mortal thoughts, forever old and new.
Fit for a queen? Why, surely, then for you !
The moral? Where doubt's eddies toss and
twirl
Faith's slender shallop till her footing reel,
Plunge : if you find not peace beneath the
whirl,
Groping, you may, like Omar, grasp a pearl.

James Russell Lowell

Sultan and slave alike have gone their way
With Bahram Gur, but whither none may
say,
Yet he who charmed the wise at Naisha-
pur
Seven centuries since, still charms the wise
to-day.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich

ON READING THE RUBAIYAT OF
OMAR KHAYYAM IN A KENTISH
ROSE GARDEN



ESIDE a dial in the leafy
close,
Where every bush was
burning with the Rose
With million roses falling
flake by flake
Upon the lawn in fading
summer snows ;

I read the Persian Poet's rhyme of old,
Each thought a ruby in a ring of gold—
Old thoughts so young, that, after all these
years,
They're writ on every rose-leaf yet unrolled.

You may not know the secret tongue aright
The Sunbeams on their rosy tablets write ;
Only a poet may perchance translate
Those ruby-tinted hieroglyphs of light.

Mathilde Blind



HOUGH still the famous
Book of Kings
With strange memorial
music rings,
Firdausi's muse is dead and
gone
As Kai-kobad and Feridon,
And Rustum and his
Pahlawan

Are cold as pre-historic man.

—KHAYYAM still lives; his magic rhyme
Is forged of spells that conquer Time,
The hopes and doubts, the joys and pains
That never end while Man remains ;
The sin, the sorrow and the strife
Of good and ill in human life ;
Such themes can ne'er grow stale and old,
—Nor can the verse in which they're told,
Reflecting as it does each phase
Of human thought and human ways.
The world may roll through ages yet,
New stars may rise, old stars may set,
But like the grass and like the rain
Some things forever fresh remain,

Some poets whom no rust can touch
—KHAYYAM and HORACE are of such.
But while we knew the Roman's tongue,
KHAYYAM in vain for us had sung,
Till One arose on English earth
Who to his music gave new birth.
Henceforth, so long as English speech
Shall through the coming ages reach,
The name of *Khayyam* will go down
With such a glory of renown
As ne'er on Eastern poet's brow
Has poured its radiance until now.
—And who has wrought this spell of might
That brings the hidden gem to Light?
'Twas One who touched his harp, unseen,
Who never wished to lift the screen
That hid him from the outer throng,
But blameless lived and sang his song
In modest tones, not over-loud,
To shun the plaudits of the crowd,
Now that we know him—now, at last,
When o'er the threshold he hath passed—
We'll love with love that knows no change
The Hermit-bard of Little Grange.

Michael Kerney

OMAR KHEYAM



thou, the Orient morn-
ing's nightingale,
That, from the darkness
of the Long Ago,
Thy note of unpropitiable
woe

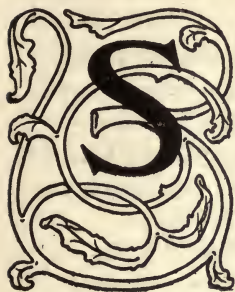
Cast'st out upon the
Time-traversing gale,
— Its burden still Life's

lamentable tale,
Too late come hither and too soon to go,
Whence brought and whither bounden none
doth know
Nor why thrust forth into this world of wail,
We, thy sad brethren of the western lands,
SONS OF THE SECRET of this latter day,
We, who have sailed with thee the
BLOOD-DEVOURING WAY,
We, thy soul's mates, with thee join hearts
and hands
Across the abysses of eight hundred years.

John Payne

OMAR KHAYYAM

(To A. L.)



AYER of Sooth, and
Searcher of dim skies !
Lover of Song, and Sun,
and Summertide,
For whom so many roses
bloomed and died ;
Tender Interpreter, most
sadly wise,
Of earth's dumb inarticu-

lated cries !

Time's self cannot estrange us, nor divide ;
Thy hand still beckons from the garden-side,
Through green vine-garlands, when the Winter
dies.

Thy calm lips smile on us, thine eyes are
wet ;
The Nightingale's full song sobs all through
thine,
And thine in hers,—part human, part divine!
Among the deathless gods thy place is set,
All-wise, but drowsy with Life's mingled
Wine,
Laughter and Learning, Passion and Regret.

Rosamund Marriott Watson

TOAST TO OMAR KHAYYAM

Chorus



I N this red wine, where Mem-
ory's eyes seem glowing
Of days when wines were
bright by Ouse and Cam,
And Norfolk's foaming nectar
glittered, showing
What beard of gold John
Barleycorn was growing,
We drink to thee whose law
is nature's knowing.

Omar Khayyam !

I

Star-gazer, who canst read, when night is
strowing
Her scripted orbs on time's frail
oriflamme,
Nature's proud blazon: "Who shall bless
or damn?
Life, Death, and Doom are all of my bestow-
ing!"

Chorus:

Omar Khayyam !

II

Master whose stream of balm and music,
 flowing
Through Persian gardens, widened till it
 swam—

A fragrant tide no bank of time shall dam—
Through Suffolk meads where gorse and
 may were blowing,

Chorus:

Omar Khayyam !

III

Who blent thy song with sound of cattle low-
 ing,

And caw of rooks that perch on ewe and
 ram,

And hymn of lark and bleat of orphan
 lamb

And swish of scythe in Bredfield's dewy
 mowing ?

Chorus:

Omar Khayyam !

IV

'Twas Fitz, "Old Fitz," whose knowledge,
farther going
Than lore of Omar, "Wisdom's starry
cham,"
Made richer still thine opulent epigram;
Sowed seed from seed of thine immortal
sowing.

Chorus:

Omar Khayyam!

In this red wine, where Memory's eyes seem
glowing
Of days when wines were bright by Ouse
and Cam,
And Norfolk's foaming nectar glittered,
showing
What beard of gold John Barleycorn was
growing,
We drink to thee whose lore is nature's
knowing,

Omar Khayyam.

Theodore Watts

TO THE TENT MAKER



THY fateful mystery still
mocks the eye,
Ah, hast thou told us truth
or dost thou lie?
Awful is thy philosophy
— or sweet,
And doubting must we
bide until we die.

Yet if we live beneath thy
teachings, say,
What if we find thou knewest not the way,
And dead and strayed and lost and damned
we burn,
Shall we not curse the counsels of thy clay?
We know that thou art potent in our hearts,
And long to take the word thy song imparts,
But know not, hesitate, and seek again—
Our seeking answerless to thee departs.

Gay is thy voice, thou singst the Song of
Wine,
That all men's cares yield to the gladsome
vine ;
But is thy joy less sad than all our woe,
And art thou dust, Oh Mocker, as thy
Shrine ?

Thomas Wood Stevens

RUBAIYAT TO OMAR KHAYYAM



Persian OMAR ! would
thou wert alive again !
Then might we surely see
thee strive again
To gather from the bit-
ter flowers of Fate
Sweet honey for our
human hive again.

The stars still shine as once they brightly
shone,

When, as they watched thy terrace, nightly
shone

The answering flashes of thy love and hate,
And red gleams of the wine-cup lightly
shone !

The blood-red petals from the roses fall, as
then they did,

Death for us moderns likewise closes all, as
then it did;

We know not more than thou didst know
of life-to-be ;

The ruthless Wheel of Heaven disposes all,
as then it did.

But thy example makes us brave to face our
Fate :

There may be love beyond the grave to grace
our Fate,

And we, meanwhile, will keep alive the
glow of life, to be

Worth saving if great ALLAH deign to save,
to grace our Fate.

And so accept this volume as a meed of praise,
Altho' thy Fame, so stablished, hath no
need of praise,

And thou thyself art very far away from
us—

So far, thou'd'st not take heed of blame or
heed of praise.

A score of zealous poets have translated thee
In tongues unheard of when the Mollahs
hated thee,

And now accept their tribute, and this lay
from us,

For whom thy living words have recreated
thee !

Nathan Haskell Dole

OMAR KHAYYAM



READING in Omar till the
thoughts that burned
Upon his pages seemed to
be inurned
Within me in a silent fire,
my pen
By instinct to his flowing
metre turned.

Vine-crowned free-thinker
of thy Persian clime—
Brave bard, whose daring thought and mys-
tic rhyme
Through English filter trickles down to us
Out of the lost springs of an olden time—
Baffled by life's enigmas, like the crowd
Who strove before and since to see the cloud
Lift from the mountain pinnacle of faith —
We honor still the doubts thou hast avowed ;
And fain would round the half-truth of thy
dream ;
And fain let in, if so we might, a beam

Of purer light through windows of the soul,
Dividing things that are from things that
 seem.

True, true, brave poet, in thy cloud involved,
The riddle of the world stood all unsolved ;
 And we who boast our broader views still
 groped
Too oft like thee, though centuries have
 revolved.

Yet this we know. Thy symbol of the jar
Suits not our Western manhood, left to mar
 Or make, in part, the clay 'tis moulded of ;
And the soul's freedom is its fateful star.

Not like thy ball thrown from the player's
 hand,
Inert and passive on a yielding strand ;
 Or, if a ball, the rock whence it rebounds
Proves that the ball some license may com-
 mand.

But though thy mind, which measured Jove
 and Mars,
Lay fettered from the Unseen by bolts and
 bars

Of circumstance, one truth thy spirit saw —
The mystery spanning life and earth and stars.

Dervish and threatening dogma were thy foes.
The question though unanswered still arose,
And through the revel and the wine-cups
still

The honest thought: "Who knows, but
One — who knows?"

As I read again each fervent line
That smiles through sighs, and drips with
fragrant wine —

And Vedder's thoughtful muse has graced
the verse

With added jewels from the Artist's mine—

I read a larger meaning in the sage —

A modern comment on a far-off age ;

And take the truth, and leave the error out
That casts its light stain on the Asian page.

Christopher P. Cranch

ON THE FLY-LEAF OF A COPY OF
OMAR



DEEM not this book a Creed ;
'tis but the cry
Of one who fears not Death,
yet would not die ;
Who at the table feigns,
with sorry jest,
To love the wine the Mas-
ter's hand has pressed —
The while he loves the
absent Master best —
The bitter cry of love for love's reply.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy

TO OMAR KHAYYAM

Thy book defies thy creed, for there doth sing
The undying self from baser uses shriven.
Thou hast snatched a feather from an angel's
wing
To write,— There is no heaven !

Anna Poole Beardsley

THE RUBAIYAT



WELL here three sad, sweet
spirits ; perfume born
Of fading rose-leaves, vision
of the thorn,
Behind each flower of joy
in Life's Bouquet,
And one long sigh we make
too oft to scorn.

“A hair perhaps divides
the false and true ;”
Or false or true thy verses, we this due
Of meed bestow on one most bitter-sweet :
We read and dream, then dream and read
anew.

Charles P. Nettleton

AFTER OMAR



WE strive for fame — pray
tell me what is fame?
A little clapping of the
hands — a name
Upon the tongues of men
— a fitful fire,
And then a wind that
quenches fire and
flame.

We are all weak and made of common dust,
The god within us linked with vulgar lust,
The spirit ever warring with the flesh,
Till back within the earth our bones are
thrust.

William Reed Dunroy

A GLOSE UPON THE TWELFTH RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM

*Dedicated to Y. N. by P. G. the sixteenth
night of June.*

“A book of verses underneath the bough,
“A jug of wine, a loaf of bread — and thou
“Beside me singing in the wilderness —
“Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow !”



FT have the footsteps of
my soul been led
By thee, sweet OMAR,
far from hum of Toil
To where the Chēnar trees
their plumage spread
And tangly wild grape-
vines the thickest coil;
Where distant fields,
scarce glimpsed in Noon content
Are lush with verdure quick upon the plough,
Where trills the Nightingale beneath the Tent
Of Heaven, uttering her soft lament ;
There have I sat with Thee and conned ere
now
A book of Verses underneath the bough.

When from the City's raucous din new-freed,
I quaff thy Wisdom from the clearing Cup
Of Rubaiyat, then, even as I read,
I seem with Thee in Persian groves to sup
On Bread of YEZDAKHAST and

SHIRAZ wine

That lifts the Net of Care from off the Brow.
These Words, that tongue the Spirit of the
Vine,

Speak from the Veil, and lo! the voice is
Thine :

Then is my Wish—would Fate that Wish
allow —

A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread — and Thou.

Although I tread the Wilderness of Life,
Thy song can waft me to that careless Clime,
Where enter in nor Memories of Strife,
Nor Ghosts of Woe from out the Gulf of
Time.

There, by thy side, great OMAR, would I
stray,

And drink the juice that has forgot the Press.
(A Pot, the Potter shaped but yesterday,—
Tomorrow will it be but broken clay?)

With only Thee, the toilsome Road to bless,
Beside me singing in the wilderness !

When thou dost scorn the Waste and mourn
the Rose,
That dies upon the World's too sinful Breast,
In thy Disdain a wondrous beauty glows,
Unfolding Visions of a Life more blessed.
Then from thy NAISHAPUR in
KHORASSAN,
I seem to wander, though I know not how,
Within the glittering Gates of JENISTAN,
Supreme SHADUKIAM I wondering scan :
Though still I walk the Wilderness, I vow —
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow !

Porter Garnett

THE LOVE OF A SUMMER DAY

(*The Chap-Book*)

“A book of verses underneath the bough,

“A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou

“Beside me singing in the wilderness :

“Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow !”



would rather be loved by you,
sweet,

Than all of the world beside,
I would rather one day with you,
sweet,

On the brink of a summer tide,
With a song we could sing to-
gether,

And a crystal of ruddy wine

Than a century's summer weather

And another love than thine.

I would rather be crowned with you, sweet,
Than to king with the fairest queen.

I would rather be poor with you, sweet,
'Neath the shadowy beeches green,

With your cheek on my own cheek dreaming
And your kisses upon my face,
Than to lie amid treasures gleaming
In another love's embrace.

I would rather be near to you, sweet,
Than to win an immortal name.
I would rather be dear to you, sweet,
Than to leave an undying fame
In the minds of a mighty throng, sweet,
For man's memory fades away,
And there's nothing that lasts so long, sweet,
As the love of a summer day.

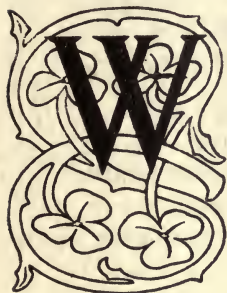
John Bennett

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OVER THE ROSE-LEAVES,
UNDER THE ROSE

(*The Chap-Book*)

“One thing is certain and the rest is lies ;
“The flower that has once blown forever dies.”



HY did you say you loved
me then,
If this must be the end?
Can so much more than
lover be
So far much less than friend?
You say “Suppose we had
not met”
Beneath this Provence

rose ;

Suppose we had not loved at all !

Suppose, dear heart, suppose ?

Suppose beside some common road

There bloomed a common rose,

As this one crimsons all the air

Within the garden close,

Suppose you plucked it, passing by,

And spread its petals wide,

Until the sweetness of its heart

Filled all the country-side.

Suppose you wore it on your breast
One careless summer day ;
Suppose you kissed it once — or twice —
To pass the time away,
Then tore it slowly leaf from leaf,
As I have torn this rose,
Until you bared its very soul,
You would not ? Well, suppose !

Suppose you stripped its very soul
Down to life's golden core,
Till heart and life and soul were yours,
And there was nothing more
A rose could give to please your sense
Or win a passing smile ;
Then dropped it in the pathway — thus —
No longer worth your while.

And then — suppose those scattered leaves
Were days we two have shared —
You need not say you counted them ;
You need not say you cared —
Could all the counting, all the care,
Or all my foolish pain
Put that one rose together, dear,
Or make it bloom again ?

John Bennett

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IN OMAR



HY did'st thou say, O
King of all the Wise,
Maker of Tents, and
Searcher of the Skies—
Why did'st thou say we
dust to dust descend
And lie sans Song, sans
Singer and sans —
End?

How can it be, the Echo of that song
Thou sang'st in Naishapur, the Spectral
Throng

All jealous of the Silence of the Tomb
Withhold or grimly smother in the gloom !

Is't so, sweet Singer of Immortal Song!
Then powerless to right Eternal Wrong

We yet may quaff, in memory of thy soul,
What thou did'st brew, nor emptied in this
Bowl.

Gardner C. Teall

OMAR KHAYYAM



IN Naishapur his ashes lie
O'ershadowed by the
mosque's blue dome ;
There folded in his tent of sky
The star of Persia sleeps at
home.

The rose her buried nightingale
Remembers, faithful all these
years ;

Around his grave the winds exhale
The fragrant sorrow of her tears.

Sultans and Slaves in caravans
Since Malik Shah have gone their way,
And the ridges of the Kubberstans
Are their memorials today.

But from the dust in Omar's tomb
A Fakir has revived a Rose,—
Perchance the old, ancestral bloom
Of that one by the mosque which blows.

Out of its petals he has caught
The inspiration Omar knew,
Who from the stars his wisdom brought,
A Persian Rose that drank the dew.

The Fakir now in dust lies low
With Omar of the Orient ;
FitzGerald,—shall we call him ? No :
'Twas Omar in the Occident !

Frank Dempster Sherman

OMAR RE-SUNG

McCarthy, 367



AY, who will buy this
earth?

Two barley corns will
take it;

If you have one of worth,
Then only one I'll make it.
Bring wine; this life is vain
Without the ring of laugh-
ter;

There is no sense in pain,
Here nor in hereafter.

McCarthy, 227

Why frown upon thy fate?
Oh, rather with a smile
Go meet her at the gate
And laugh with her the while.
Let every moment be
A little dream of bliss,
Which, as it flies from thee,
Takes hence a loving kiss.

McCarthy, 413

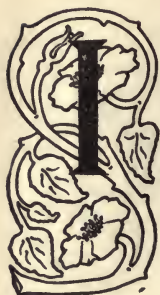
Tranquility, O friend,
Should thy good motto be ;
Think not upon the end,
Nor of eternity.
What thou hast done or thought
Is but an atom's vaunt —
Too small, where stars are wrought,
For merit or for taunt.

McCarthy, 370

Now nightingales rejoice
And roses scent the air,
And lo ! the fountain's voice
Is laughing everywhere.
What time have we to ope
The musty Koran, Sweet,
When nature, full of hope,
Flings lyrics at our feet ?

Charles G. Blanden

A REMINISCENCE OF OMAR
KHAYYAM.



sometimes wonder when I see
the rose
Rest on Her bosom, where my
head has lain,
Whether, when She is dust, that
rose's seed
Will find its nursery there and
bloom again.

I sometimes wonder if the jes-
samine,
Which added fragrance to her fragrant hair,
Will with it later make a common cause
And bloom again to make another fair.
But most I wonder if the flower of love,
Which lay upon the soul I could not see,
Will find its fellows in Elysian fields
And bloom again to bless and welcome me.
Ah, yes, methinks the God who loves the
rose,
And loves the jessamine in my lady's hair,
Will love the love that decorates her soul,
And will not fail to make my heaven more
fair.

* *George Somes Layard*

IN NAISHAPUR.



IN Naishapur, when Omar wrote,
No nightingale with lusty
throat
Carolled a clearer, sweeter
note
In Naishapur.

He saw the yellow roses swoon
Beneath the kisses of the June,
And the star blossoms of the night
Opened their petals to his sight.

He sang of life, and death, and woe,
A thousand years or so ago ;
The north winds o'er him rose leaves throw
In Naishapur.

Robert Loveman

THE RUBAIYAT.



MAR Khayyam, you're
a jolly old Aryan,
Half sybaritic, and semi-
barbarian,
Not a bit mystic, but
utilitarian,
Fond of a posy and fond
of a dram.
Symbolist, poet, and
clear-eyed philosopher.

Had you a wife I am sure you were boss of
her,
Yet you'd be ruled by the coquettish toss of
her

Garland crowned head at you, Omar Khay-
yam.

For their vanity,
In your humanity,
Else your urbanity,
Were but a flam.
And the severity
Of your austerity

Proves your sincerity,
Omar Khayyam.
Well I remember when first you were her-
alded,
Persian-born poesy, ably FitzGeralded ;
Impulse said buy you — and I to my peril
did:
Now a meek slave to your genius I am.
Some of your doctrines to us may seem
hatable,
Though we admit that the themes are
debatable ;
But your ideas, are they really translatable
Into our languages, Omar Khayyam ?
In your society
All inebriety
Seems but propriety
Truth but a sham ;
And the reality
Of your carnality
Courts immortality,
Omar Khayyam.
From the grave depths of your massive tran-
quility

Thoughts you produce, knowing well their
futility,
Thoughts that you phrase with a fatal facility,
Hurl with the force of a battering ram !
But we care not though your message be
cynical,
Not very creedal and scarcely rabbinical ;
We, your adorers, put you on a pinnacle,
For that we love you, old Omar Khayyam.
Though you're erroneous,
Still you're harmonious,
And you're euphonious
In epigram.
O'er the censorious
You are victorious ;
We hold you glorious,
Omar Khayyam.

Carolyn Wells

Here be words from those without the gates.

TO OMAR KHAYYAM



LATE from thy face the
veil of darkness clears;
Thy name now rings for-
ever in our ears ;
So that we wonder as we
listen, how
We've done without thee
this eight hundred
years.

We wonder if thy critics bade thee take
Thy rhymes elsewhere, and hint that thou
wouldst make

A good vine-dresser, or might'st guide the
plough ;

And bid thee sing no more for pity's sake.

Thou hadst a secret, so our young men say,
World-weary youths who writhe and groan
that they

Were born to solve the "Where," the
"How," but tell

Us nought besides of thy strange-titled lay.

Hadst thou of that red wine a famous brand,
Sinless of aching head or trembling hand?

Couldst thou unpricked a rosy wreath en-
twine?

Lies here the riddle, Omar, thou hadst
planned?

What loss if thou hadst laid its answer bare!
One theme the less! one passion less to tear!

And he who sips this monthly draught of
rhyme

Will know that themes are getting somewhat
rare.

Thou art a storehouse for our rhymester crew,
They read thee not — that were too much to
do —

But cull thy telling bits and quote them
free,

Till men believe that they are poets too.

For folk uncultured know not of thy song,
Thou art too high, too deep, perchance too
long.

But to the spouters of thy sample lines
They give high place the bardic ranks among.

And so these win a name. Wise Omar, say,
Old man, hadst thou a secret that would pay
So well as this? The world is for the
West,
And Eastern secrets now have had their day.

THE RUBAIYAT OF O'MARA
KHAYVAN.

Eran (Iran?) year of the Hegira 94 — Via
Brooklyn.



WAKE, for the night that
lets poor man forget
His daily toil is past, and
in Care's net
Another day is caught
to gasp and fade;
OH! but my weary bones
are heavy yet!

Wake! son of kings that
bears a hod on high,
And builds the world. The red sun mounts
the sky

And circles squares in the cot's every chink
And gilds ephemeral motes that whirl and die.

Wake! for the bearded goat devours the door!
And now the family pig forbears to snore,
And from his trough sets up the Persian's
cry —

“Eat! Drink! Tomorrow we shall be no
more!”

Eat, drink and sleep ! Aye, eat and sleep
who can !

I work and ache. The beast outstrips the
man ;

And when oblivion bids the sequence end,
Which shall we say has best filled nature's
plan ?

When on Gowanus' hills the whistle blows
What dreams are mine of Hafiz' wine-red
rose ?

And when I drag my leaden feet toward
home

No sensuous bulbul note woos to repose.

I envy the dull brute my hand shall slay.
He lifts no stolid eye above the clay.

I, longing, on the cloud-banked verge
discern

“Unborn To-morrow and dead Yesterday.”

What is the Cup to lips that may not drain?
Or fleeting joy to lives conceived in pain ?

Toil and aspire is still the common lot,
Stumbling to rise and rising fall again.

And is this all? Shall skies no longer shine,
Or stars lure on the themes that seem divine?

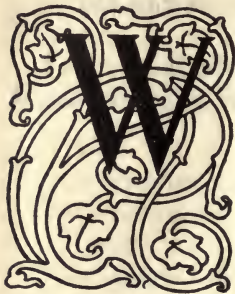
Ah, Maker of the Tents! is this thy
hope —

To feed and grovel and to die like swine?

William McIntosh

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

By O..r K....m



WAKE! for the closed
Pavilion doors have
kept
Their silence while the
white-eyed Kaffir
slept,
And wailed the night-
ingale with "Jug,
jug, jug!"

Whereat, for empty cup, the White Rose
wept.

Enter with me where yonder door hangs out
Its Red Triangle to a world of drought,
Inviting to the Palace of the Djinn,
Where Death, Aladdin, waits as Chuckerout.

Methought, last night, that one in suit of woe
Stood by the Tavern door and whispered, "Lo,
The Pledge departed, what avails the Cup?
Then take the Pledge and let the Wine-cup
go."

But I: "For every thirsty soul that drains
This Anodyne of Thought its rim contains —

Free-will the *Can*, Necessity the *Must* :
Pour off the *Must*, and, see, the *Can* remains.

"Then, pot or glass, why label it '*With
Care?*'

Or why your Sheepskin with my Gourd
compare?

Lo! here the Bar, and the only Judge ;
Oh, Dog that bit me, I exact an hair!"

We are the Sum of things, who jot our
score

With Cæsar's clay behind the Tavern door ;
And Alexander's armies,— where are they,
But gone to Pot,— that Pot you push for
more?

And this same jug I empty, could it speak,
Might whisper that itself had been a Beak,
And dealt me Fourteen Days "without
the Op."

Your Worship, see, my lip is on your cheek.

Yourself condemned to three score years and
ten,

Say, did you judge the ways of other men ?

Why, now, sir, you are hourly filled with
wine,

And has the clay more license now than then ?

Life is a draught, good sir ; its brevity

Gives you and me our measures, and thereby

Has docked your virtue to a tankard's span,
And left of my criterion — A Cri' !

Q.

RECENT RUBAIYAT

(By Omar's Ghost.)



OWN in the Grave the dead
men drink no more,
Alas! nor e'er ajar is here a
door,
And over-baked, my
brother, is the Clay,
Wherein the amber wine we
used to pour!

Nay here, among the dusky
Groves of Death,
There comes no moon the Dusk that light-
eneth,
And here the Nightingale hath Naught to
say,
And here the Rose hath lost her scented
Breath!

So were the Blossoms blowing on the tree,
And now the Dust about the Roots are We,
And seldom comes now a kindly Soul
To drench the thirsty Lips of Thee and Me!

About the old Mahogany they sit,
Our Friends, and dream themselves the
Mouth of Wit.

Doth one remember us and spill the Bowl
For us beneath the Daisies? Out on it!

Alas! were We alive, and They were dead,
A kind Libation to their Dust I'd shed;

We are the white, that were the purple
Rose,
Their Burgundy might lend us of its red.

Suppose I sent them up a Telegram,
Much would they care for Omar, called
Khayyam?

Nay You, that might be more polite, you
doze,
As I were boring you — perchance I am?

When once one gets the Hang of it, I think
That rhyming is as easy as to drink.

Alas! give Me the Cup, and spare the
Pen;

Alas! give me the Wine, and take the Ink!

Translating and translating me they go,
Philologists and Women, even so,
Fitzgerald, Thou alone of later Men,
Who try the Trick, the Trick didst really
know!

Here is an end of Spoil of the North Wind, being certain fugitive verse gathered together and made into a book by Edward Martin Moore. The cover, title-page and initials were designed for this book by Frank B. Rae, Jr. Printed and published by Langworthy & Stevens at the BLUE SKY PRESS, which is Upstairs at Woodlawn Avenue and Fifty-fifth street in Chicago. MCMII.









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